

miss AMERICA

COMICS

10¢

NO.
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Miss AMERICA

CAN OUR HIGH FLYING, ZOOMING HEROINE FOIL AN INSIDIOUS PLOT HATCHED OUT OF THE EVIL BRAIN OF A MURDEROUS MASTER MIND?? WILL BLAZING COURAGE AND RESOURCEFULNESS WIN OUT AGAINST THESE TERRIFIC ODDS AS--

**MISS AMERICA
Battles
BARON SHINTO
THE
GOLGER!**



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE EXERCISE YARD OF AN INTERNMENT CAMP FOR JAPANESE PRISONERS SOMEWHERE NEAR OUR OWN AMERICAN DESERT!!

TWO SLINKING JAP PRISONERS WHISPER TO A GREAT HULKING BRUTE!

WORD HAS REACHED US THAT THE OTHER CAMPS HAVE ACTED, OH EXCELLENCY!

GOOD! READY! AS SOON AS THE GUARDS LOOK THIS WAY!



THESE STUPID AMERICANS WOULD NEVER THINK THAT I WOULD WOUND MYSELF! BUT FOR EVERY DROP OF MY BLOOD, HUNDREDS OF WHITE DOGS WILL DIE!!

SUDDENLY-- THE PRISON YARD IS BROUGHT TO LIFE BY THE SOUND OF THE ALARM!

KEEP THEM COVERED! IT MIGHT BE A SCHEME TO MAKE A BREAK!

I'M HOPING THE MONKEYS TRY IT!



AW! JUST A BATTLE BETWEEN THEMSELVES! THE BOYS WILL ROUND THEM UP IN A JIFFY!

LOOK AT THE MUGS THEY CALL THE BARON "HOT-MADE" IT FROM THE OTHERS!



LATER--
IN
THE
COMMAND-
MENT'S
OFFICE!

WHAT HAPPENED?

PLEASE! THEY KILL ME
IF I STAY HERE! PLEASE,
TRANSFER ME TO OTHER
CAMP!



CUEL, GLITTERING EYES WATCH
AS THE TWO OFFICERS CONFER!

WATCH HIM LIKE A HAWK!
SHOOT IF HE MAKES A
A WRONG MOVE!

I WOULDN'T
TRUST HIM OR
ANY OTHER
JAP, SIR! THEY
ARE TRICKY!

(SIGH) I KNOW.
BUT --- I'LL
HAVE TO
TRANSFER HIM!

YES, SIR!



SOMETIME LATER, AS THE JEEP
SPEEDS ALONG A DESERT ROAD!

PLEASE? DO NOT WISH TO
MOVE HANDS! APPRECIATE
IF YOU TAKE CIGARETTES
FROM POCKET AND PERMIT
ME TO SMOKE, PLEASE!

CATCH, TOJO!
THANK YOU,
PLEASE!



UNKNOWN TO THE GUARD, THE
BARON'S FINGERS ARE BUSY
WITHIN THE CRUMPLED CIGARETTE
PACKAGE!

PLEASE, A LIGHT?

HERE YA ARE,
NIP!



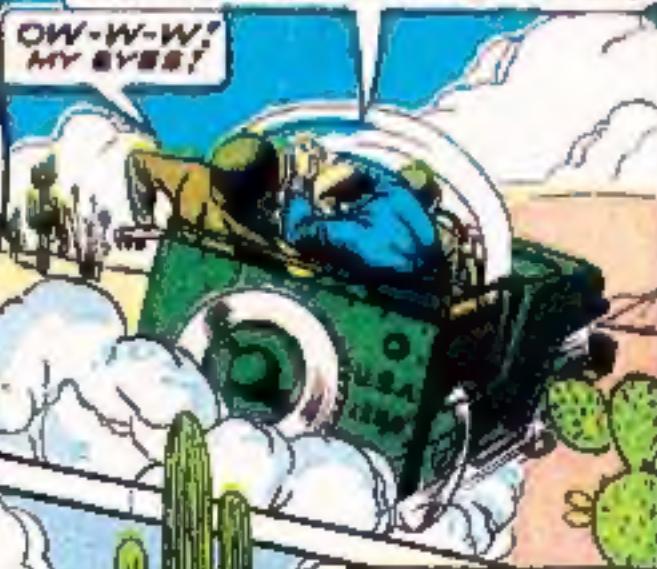
THE WILY JAP TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE GUARD'S CONCENTRATION, SLOWLY DRAWS HIS HANDS FROM THE PACKAGE TO REVEAL TWO RAZOR SHARP TALONS FITTED ON HIS FINGERS!



SO SWIFT IS THE BARON'S DEADLY ATTACK, THAT THE DRIVER IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BEFORE HE CAN AID HIS STRICKEN BUDDY!

TAKE THAT?
HA-HA-HA?

AND BEFORE THE GUARD CAN FLING UP A PROTECTING ARM ---- THE DEADLY STEEL FINGERS OF THE GOUGHED FIND THEIR MARK!



BRUTALLY DISPATCHING THE TWO WOUNDED AMERICAN GUARDS AND LEAVING THEM TO ROT ON THE DESERT SAND, THE MURDEROUS BARON AFTER TAKING THE KEYS AND FREEING HIMSELF, TAKES OFF IN THE JEEP!

— We leave him to travel some distance farther along the desert road, where we find Madeline Joyce on her way to catch a train back east after a brief vacation on Uncle Jim's ranch!

-- THESE PRISON BREAKS HAPPENED AT ALMOST THE SAME HOUR IN A HALF DOZEN JAP INTERNMENT CAMPS! MILITARY AUTHORITIES FEAR SOME PLOT IS AFOOT! 



JEEP IN TROUBLE! THAT SOLDIER IS WAVING FOR ME TO STOP!



AH! EXCELLENTLY! IS YOUNG GIRL! WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE IN STEALING HER CAR!



BEFORE MADELINE IS CLEAR OF HER CAR, THE BARON'S MIGHTY ARMS FLASH TO THE ATTACK!



SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE HODDOBLE WEAPON REACHES FOR MADELINE'S EYES!

YOW! A JAP!



--BUT AT THE SAME TIME, MUST MAKE HIM THINK I'M A HELPLESS FEMALE! SO---

YOW-W-W!



THE BARON LETS GO AS MADELINE FLEES FROM THE SPOT!

HA! HA! THAT SHIN BUSINESS NEVER FAILS! NOW TO MAKE HIM THINK I'M FLEEING IN TERROR!

AND SECONDS LATER BEHIND A SAND DUNE!

THAT KILLER IS ONE OF THE ESCAPED JAPS -- THAT'S A CINCH! I THINK MISS AMERICA WILL LOOK INTO THIS!

TAKING TO THE AIR HIGH ABOVE THE BARON WHO HAS TAKEN HER CAR, MISS AMERICA FOLLOWS THE KILLER'S TRAIL!

THERE HE GOES INTO THAT LONE-
LY RAILROAD STATION!

DOWN WE GO TO A LANDING IN BACK OF THE SHACK TO GET A PEEK THRU THAT WINDOW!

WHAT THE -- THERE'S OTHER NIPS IN THERE! MUST BE THE JAPS THAT ESCAPED!

AND INSIDE THE RAILROAD SHACK?

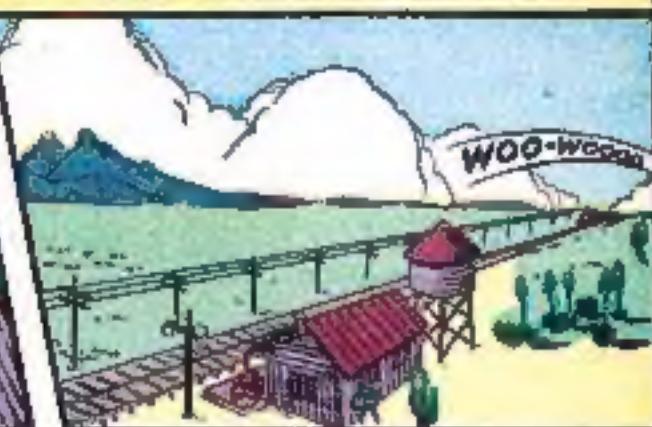
IT HAS BEEN DONE, EXCELLENCY! THIS PIG WAS FORCED TO SEND THE TELEGRAM TO THE THREE ON THE ONCOMING TRAIN AS YOU INSTRUCTED!

GOOD!

OH, OH! I'M GOING TO STOP
THIS BEFORE THEY HARM
THAT STATION MASTER!



SUDDENLY-- THE WAIL OF A WHISTLE
IN THE DISTANCE HERALS THE
THE THUNDERING APPROACH OF A
FAST PASSENGER EXPRESS!



GET OVER TO
THE WINDOW
AND SHOW
YOURSELF,
SO THEY
WON'T SUS-
PECT ANYTHING
IS WRONG!

WOO-WOOOOO-- Wooooo
WHAT THE??
THEY'VE CUT OFFOOOO.

YES! YES! DON'T
KILL ME!



SO THE TRAIN
IS GOING TO STOP,
EHP WE'LL JUST
WATCH FROM HERE
AND SEE WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT!



AS THE
TRAIN
PULLS TO
A STOP--
THREE
FIGURES
ALIGHT AND
PASS BY
MISS
AMERICA
INTO THE
STATION
SHACK!

HMM? THE
BARON AND HIS MEN
DUCKED OUT OF SIGHT!
WONDER WHO THESE
THREE ARE GETTING
OFF THE TRAIN?



AS THE THREE PASSENGERS WALK TOWARD THE STATION DOOR ---

WONDER WHY WE WERE TOLD TO GET OFF HERE?

THIS TELEGRAM STATES THAT IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS TO REMAIN ON THE TRAIN!!

MISS AMERICA STARTS IN SURPRISE!

WHY---THEY LOOK LIKE PHILIPPINES!

DON'T MOVE!
STRIP THEM OF THEIR CLOTHES!
HURRY, TIME IS SHORT!

LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL OF RETRIBUTION, MISS AMERICA PLUNGES THRU THE WINDOW AND FLASHES INTO ACTION!

THAT'S AS FAR AS THIS LITTLE DRAMA GOES, YOU WORM!

IT IS THE FAMOUS MISS AMERICA!

CRASH!

ATTACK! ATTACK!

WEEVING A LIGHTNING LIKE PATH IN AND ABOUT HER STARTLED OPPONENTS AND WITH HER FISTS WREAKING A TERRIBLE HAVOC, OUR HEROINE IS WELL ON HER WAY TO VICTORY, WHEN ----



WHY NOT KILL ALL THESE DOGS AT ONCE, EXCELLENCY?

WE CANNOT LEAVE THEIR BODIES TO BE FOUND HERE! WAIT!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER ---- MISS AMERICA REGAINS HER SENSES AND LOOKS IN AMAZEMENT AT THE SCENE BEFORE HER!

OUCH, MY HEAD! WHERE AM I? WHAT ARE THESE NIPS STRAPPING AROUND THEIR WAISTS?



SET YOUR WATCHES TO GO OFF
AT FOUR O'CLOCK!

IT IS A GREAT PRIVILEGE TO COMMIT
THE GREATEST ACT OF DESTRUCTION
EVER CONCEIVED!

AND
THAT
LOOKS LIKE
A COPPER WIRE
ATTACHED TO
THEIR WATCHES
AND RUNNING DOWN
TO THE BELT FILLED
WITH VIALS--!!

GO! DO YOUR
HONORABLE DEED
FOR THE GLORY
OF NIPPON!

YOW! NOW I GET IT! THAT STUFF
IN THEIR BELTS IS AN EXPLOSIVE!
AND FANATICAL JAPS ARE A
SUICIDE SABOTAGE MISSION!
TIME FOR ME TO GET OUT
OF THESE DOOPES-



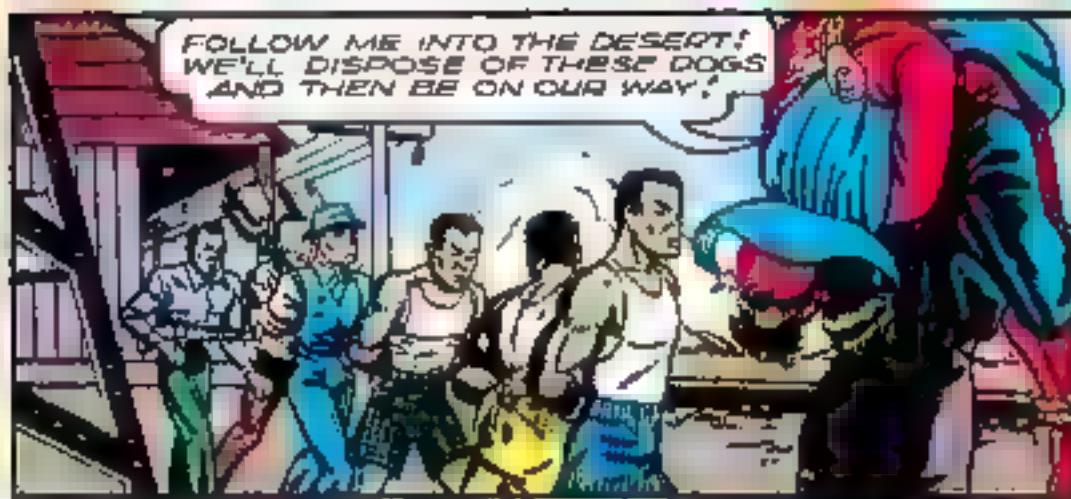
S
UDDENLY--
WITH
SINK NO
HEART,
OUR
HEROINE
MAKES A
DISCOVERY!

(GROAN) MY FULL STRENGTH
HASN'T RETURNED! I CAN'T
GET FREE! AND THERE GOES
THE SABOTAGE
MISSION! (GROAN)

IN THOSE CLOTHES,
ONE WOULD TAKE
THEM FOR THE
HATED PHILIPPINES!



SECONDS LATER--
MISS AMERICA IS FLUNG OVER THE BARON'S SHOULDERS!



FOLLOW ME INTO THE DESERT!
WE'LL DISPOSE OF THESE DOGS AND THEN BE ON OUR WAY!



SOMETIME LATER, OUT IN THE DESERT!

HALT! THIS IS FAR ENOUGH! OUCH! HERE IT COMES!



MISS AMERICA IN A COLD FURY STRAINS AT HER BONDS AS SHE HEARS OF THE HORRIBLE FATE PLANNED BY THE MONSTROUS BARON FOR THE PRISONERS!

HA-HA! MAKE THE WHITE PIGS DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES AND THEN SHOOT THEM DOWN!



AND WITH A TERRIFIC EFFORT IS REWARDED!

I DID IT! I'M FREE!



THIS'LL
HOLD YOU
UNTIL I
COME
BACK!

THOSE TWO NIPS
ARE ABOUT TO
FIRE! HAVE TO
WORK FAST
IF I WANT
TO SAVE
THOSE
FOUR!

DOWN ZOOMS
MISS AMERICA
TO KNOCK ASIDE
THE TOMMY-
GUNS!

HERE'S WHERE
YOU RATS GET
A DOSE OF
YOUR OWN
LEAD!

GOT THEM! OH, OH! THERE
GOES THE BARON OVER THE
HILL! HAVE TO TAKE TO THE
AIR TO GET HIM!

HOWEVER, SOME QUIRK OF A
LUCKY FATE HAS DESTINED
THAT THE BARON MAKE GOOD
HIS ESCAPE!

AND A GROAN OF ANGUISH ESCAPES
OUR HEROINE AS SHE SEES THE
BARON CLIMB INTO HER CAR, AND THE
PHILLIPINES AND STAR ON MASTERS
RUNNING OFF IN FOUR DIRECTIONS!

THERE HE
GOES HEADING
FOR THE
STATION!

(GROAN) IF I GO AFTER
THE BARON, THOSE POOR
TERRIFIED MEN WILL
GET LOST AND DIE
IN THE DESERT!

OH, WELL! IT'LL ONLY
TAKE A FEW MINUTES
TO ROUND THEM UP
AND THEN I'LL TAKE
AFTER THAT "BARON!"

MINUTES LATER---

THAT'S WHY WE
SEPERATED AND RAN!
WE HOPE THAT AT
LEAST ONE OF US
WOULD ESCAPE AND
MANAGE TO GET TO
THE PLANE PLANT
IN TIME TO WARN
THEM!

PLANE
PLANT??
GO ON!

YOU SAY YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY TO
CHRISTEN FOUR NEW BOMBERS??

YES! WE ARE
MEMBERS OF
THE PHILIPPINO
EMBASSY! THE
PLANES WERE
TO BE NAMED
IN HONOR OF
OUR HOME
ISLANDS!

THE TRIGGER MIND OF MISS AMERICA FITS ALL THE DETAILS OF THE MURDEROUS JAP SCHEME INTO PLACE!

TELL ME! WERE THE CHRISTENINGS TO TAKE PLACE IN THE SAME SPOT AT THE PLANT?

BOMBERS ARE OF DIFFERENT TYPES AND EACH CEREMONY WAS TO TAKE PLACE ON THE AIRFIELD NEAR THE BUILDING, TURNING THEM OUT!

OF ALL THE SLIMY PLOTS! THIS BEATS THEM ALL! A SCHEME TO BLOW UP THREE PLANTS AT ONE TIME AND WITH--THE THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT PLANT WORKERS TO SAY NOTHING OF THE CROWD THAT'LL BE WATCHING!

SO LONG! I GOT A DATE WITH THREE HUMAN BOMBS!

TOO BAD I CAN'T GO AFTER THE BARON!

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE TERRIFIC SPEED OF MISS AMERICA SENDS HER ZOOMING DOWN TOWARD THE OBJECTIVE OF THE JAPANESE SABOTAGE PLOT!

OH-OH! WON'T DO TO DIVE DOWN AMONG ALL THOSE PEOPLE AND COLLAR THE THREE NIPS! MIGHT START A PANIC!

GOT IT! THEIR WATCHES ARE SET TO EXPLODE AT FOOL! THAT GIVES ME TWO MINUTES!

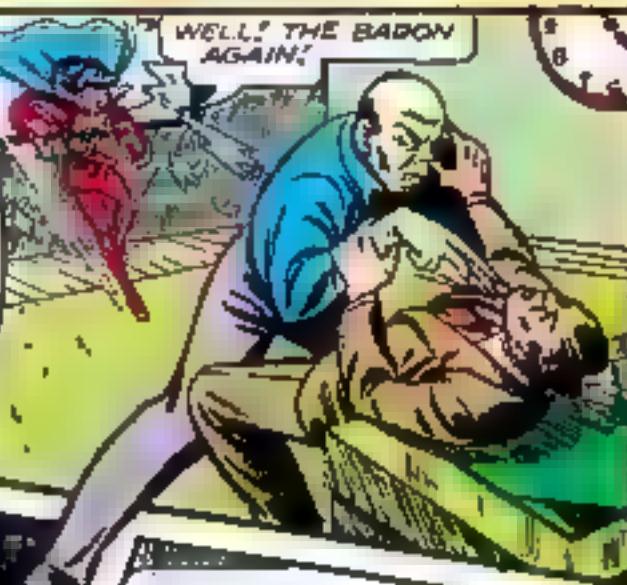
AFTER ZOOMING TO A LANDING NEAR A GUARD OUTSIDE THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND LEARNING WHERE THE MANAGER'S OFFICE IS, OUR HEROINE FLASHES UPWARD AGAIN!



I'LL GET THE MANAGER TO QUIETLY CALL OFF THE CEREMONIES! THEN I CAN ROUND UP THE THREE JAPS!

AND AS MISS AMERICA CRASHES THRU THE OFFICE WINDOW---

WELL! THE BARON AGAIN!



WITH THE FLEETING SECONDS TICKING OFF THE ZERO HOUR, MISS AMERICA AND THE BARON CLOSE IN BATTLE!



MUST MAKE THIS SHOT AND SWEET! ONLY A MINUTE TO GO!



I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE WITH THE CROWDS! TIME IS TOO SHORT!

OOP!

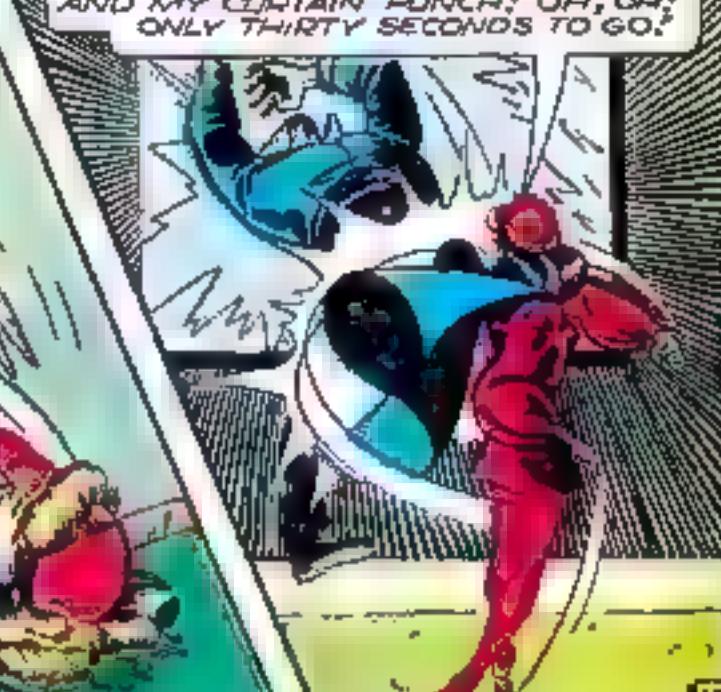
HA, HA! YOU WILL NEVER STOP THEM 'N TIME!

YOW-W!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! TRY THIS!

AND MY CURTAIN PUNCH! OH, OH! ONLY THIRTY SECONDS TO GO!



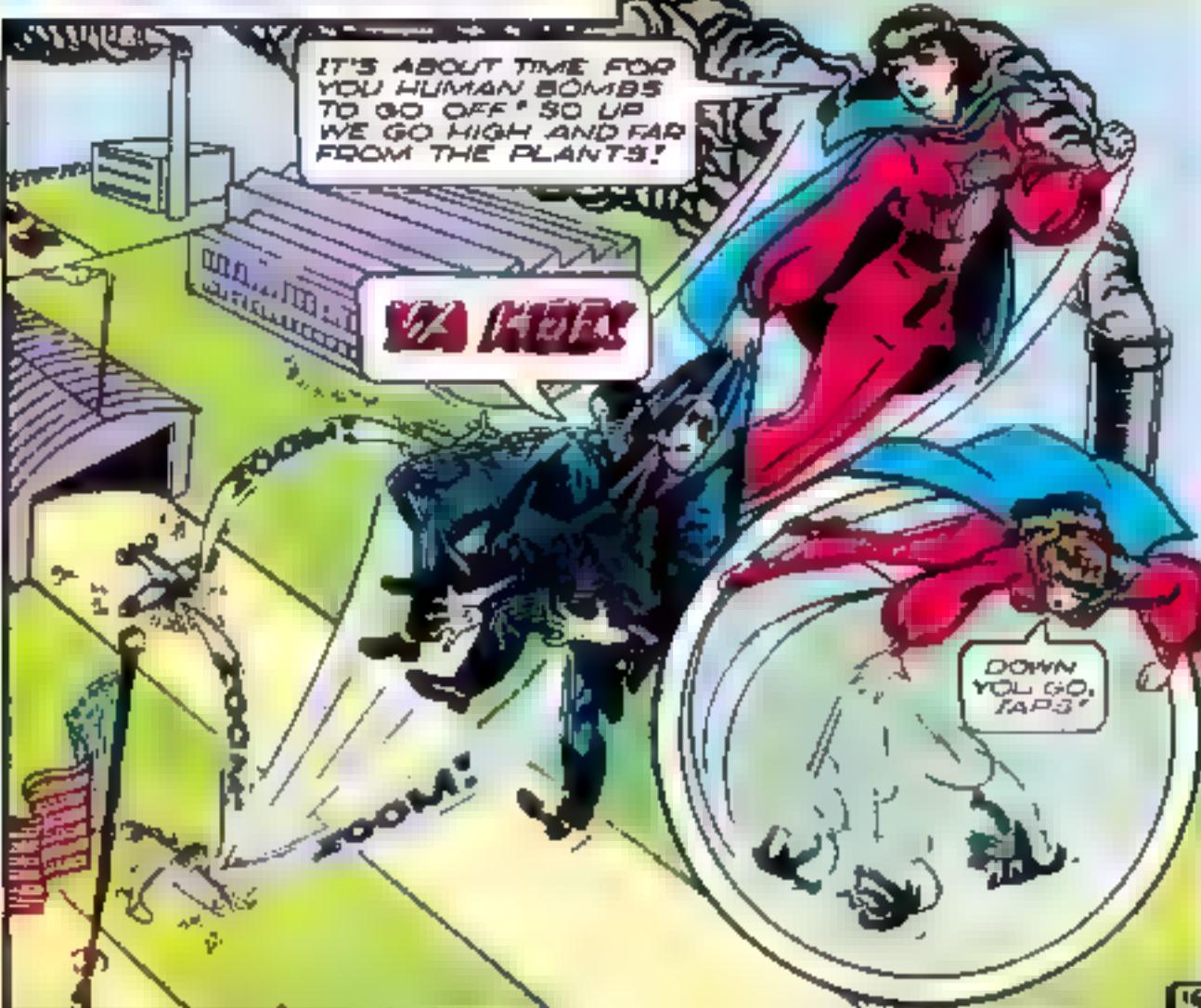
AND AS THE BARON'S BODY HUSTLES DOWN TO HIS DEATH, AM 95 AMERICA ZOOMS OUT AND DOWN



TO THE FIRST GROUP ASSEMBLED NEAR A BOMBER!



AND THEN IN SWIFT SUCCESSION, GATHERS UP THE TWO OTHER EXPLOSIVE BELTED SUICIDAL SABOTEURS AND ZOOMS HIGH INTO THE AIR AWAY FROM THE AMAZED GATHERINGS!



YOW! THEY HAD ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES ON THEM TO BLOW THE WHOLE PLANT TO SMATHEREENS!

BOOM!

WITH THE MURDEROUS BARON SHINTO AND HIS JAP SABOTEURS OUT OF THE WAY, MISS AMERICA ZOOMS BACK TO HER CAR AND CONTINUES ON HER WAY TO CATCH A TRAIN EAST!

I'LL JUST ABOUT CATCH THAT TRAIN! THIS HAS SURE BEEN AN EXCITING DAY!

AND MISS AMERICA NOW BACK TO HER ROLE OF MADELINE JOYCE, ENTERS THE DEPOT...

TO TRAINS
TRACK 6-7

TICKET OFFICE

WHY, THERE'S AN EXTRA! I WONDER IF IT'S ABOUT THE BACON AND HIS GANG!

DAILY BUGLE
MISS AMERICA FOILS SABOTEURS

A MURDEROUS SABOTAGE PLOT LEAD BY BARON SHINTO HAS BEEN COVERED BY MISS AMERICA AND THE DAILY BUGLE



THE END

ACTION! SUSPENSE! DRAMA! --- FOLLOW MISS AMERICA'S EXCITING EXPLOITS IN MARVEL COMICS EVERY MONTH!! HER AMAZING FEATS WILL THRILL YOU AS SHE BATTLES THE FORCES OF EVIL!!



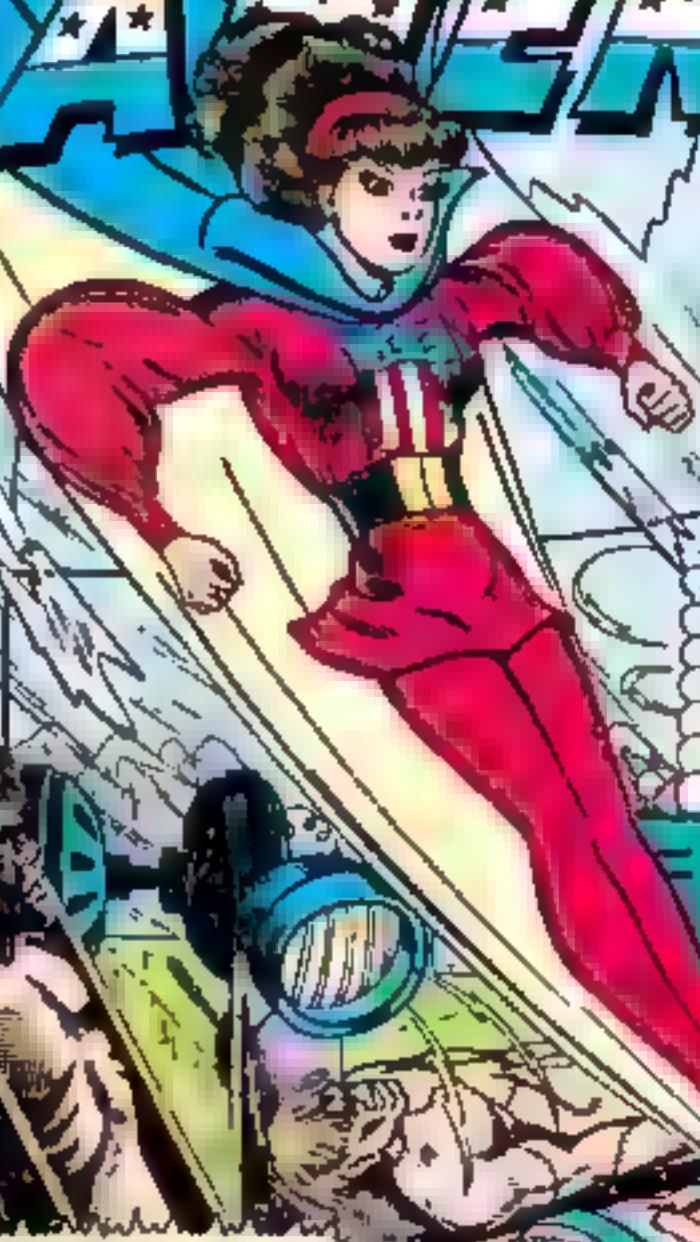
MAKE
YOUR OWN
MISS AMERICA
COUNTRY FASHION
DOLL

CUT AROUND
OUTLINE OF
MISS AMERICA
AND MOUNT
ON HEAVY
CARDBOARD.
THEN ATTACH
DRESSES AND
ACCESSORIES
TO THE
MODEL.

MISS AMERICA
in
"COUNTRY WEAR"



Miss AMERICA



WHO IS THE MAD GENIUS THAT DWELLS HIGH 'N THE MOUNTAINS? WHAT ARE THE FEARSOME MONSTER MEN WHO HAUNT THE COUNTRYSIDE LIKE SAVAGE GOULS?

FOLLOW MADELINE JOYCE AS SHE TAKES THE ROLL OF MISS AMERICA IN A VALIANT ATTEMPT TO SOLVE ---

MYSTERY of the MONSTER MEN!

JAILBREAK! THE CLANG OF ALARMS! THE SEARCHING GLARE OF A SPOTLIGHT! THE RAT-TAT OF GUNS! VICIOUS DESPERATE MEN BREAK LOOSE!



THE BULLS WON'T STOP ME! I PLANNED THIS BREAK TOO LONG! I KNOW JUST HOW TO CUT THRU THIS FOREST TO THE MOUNTAINS! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME ONCE I REACH THE MOUNTAINS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE LONELY MOUNTAIN CITADEL, A GAUNT FIGURE PREPARES TO DO A COLD-BLOODED DEED!



PUT ONE, LIFER LARCH, SWINGS SAFELY OVER THE WALL!

LIFER LARCH! HE GOT AWAY!



Hours later!



NOT I CAN'T DO IT!
I CAN'T--DO--IT?



I'LL DO IT FOR YOU, PAL! SEE, LIKE THIS!

WHAT THE? WHO ARE YOU??

UPER LARCH--ESCAPED FROM PRISON! I THINK WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER! YOU NEED SOME CROAKIN' DONE?

YES! I'M PROFESSOR DRAKLA, A SCIENTIST! I NEED VICTIMS--MANY MORE!

I'LL GET MORE GUYS FOR YOU, PROFESSOR! PLENTY MORE! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE! HA! HA! HA!

AND AN UNHOLY PACT IS FORMED!

COULD BE THOSE TWO UNSOLVED CASES ARE CONNECTED! I THINK MISS AMERICA WILL GET IN ON THIS!

AND AS NIGHT SETTLES, THE SPEEDING FIGURE OF MISS AMERICA ZOOMS OVER THE CITY!

FIRST, TO INTERVIEW THE WIFE OF THE LAST MISSING MAN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, MISS AMERICA IS TALKING TO MRS. GREENE, WIFE OF THE LAST MISSING MAN!

I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MRS. GREENE --- BUT WHERE DID YOUR HUSBAND GO LAST?

(SOB) I DON'T KNOW. HE DECEIVED THIS LETTER THEN HE SAID HE WAS TAKING A SHORT TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

WHY, THIS IS STRANGE! THIS PAPER IS BLANK! HOW COULD YOUR HUSBAND --

WAIT! THE HEAT FROM THIS RADIATOR IS MAKING MARKS --- THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN IN INVISIBLE INK!

Dear Mr. Greene
I have a matter of vital importance to show you! Please come to my place and tell me one! and over you wife! I will explain when you arrive!
Prof. Bow Drakla
Bogalusa, OH

THAT'S WHERE YOUR HUSBAND WENT! I'LL GO TO PROFESSOR DRAKLA'S AND SEE WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THIS!

PROFESSOR DRAKLA SECRETLY INVITES MEN TO HIS PLACE --- JOHN GREENE DISAPPEARED TWO DAYS AGO --- BUT IT WOULD TAKE HIM THAT LONG TO GO TO DRAKLA'S PLACE --- MAYBE I WILL BE IN TIME ---!

BUT MISS AMERICA IS SEEN APPROACHING THE CASTLE:

INTERFERE, WILL SHE? I'LL SHOW HER THE POWERS OF SCIENCE! I'LL SEND ONE OF MY CREATIONS TO GREET HER!

HEY, PROFESSOR - LOOK, I THINK WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE! THAT'S MISS AMERICA COMING! AND SHE'S POISON!



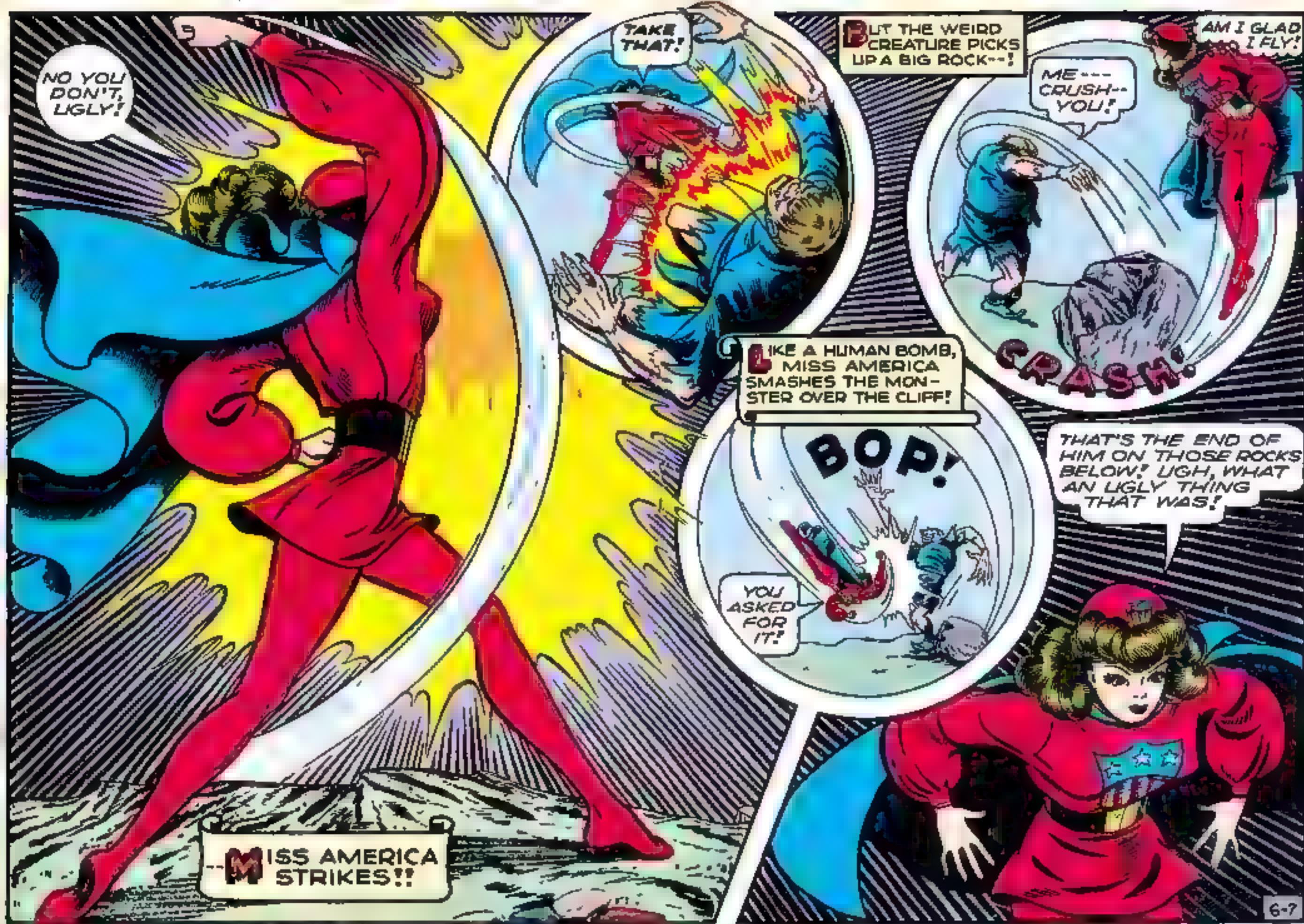
A GHASTLY, BRUTISH FIGURE LEAVES THE DOOR!

GO, NUMBER THREE!

HERE'S THE PROFESSOR'S PLACE! I'LL --- WHA'S

GOOD HEAVENS!

His face filled with horror at the gruesome figure Miss AMERICA IS MOMENTARILY FROZEN AS THE CLUTCHING FINGERS COME CLOSED CLOSER, THEN SUDDENLY ---



BUT OFF-GUARD, MISS AMERICA
FAILS TO SEE THE SECOND MONSTER
CREEP UP AND---



DRAZZING THE LIMP FIGURE OF MISS
AMERICA, THE MONSTER MAN
ENTERS THE LABORATORY---

SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD
DEFEAT MY MONSTER
MEN? NO ONE MUST STOP
MY GREAT WORK!



A COLD-BLOODED SCIENTIFIC
BRAIN SWEEPS AS DE ALL
HUMANE CONSIDERATIONS IN
ITS PATH

SUCH PIDDLING THINGS
AS LAW AND HUMAN
RIGHTS CAN'T INTERFERE
WITH THE FORWARD
MARCH OF SCIENCE! FLING
HER IN A CELL!



GEE, PROF,
YOU EVEN SCARE
ME AT TIMES!

BAH! DON'T
WEAKEN, NOW,
LARCH! WHO'S
THE NEXT
VICTIM?



JOHN GREENE! WE MAILED HIM THE
INVITE THREE DAYS AGO! HE
SHOULD ARRIVE ANY
MINUTE!

JOHN GREENE!
NOW I REMEMBER...



M

MISS AMERICA STANDS AND
SURVEYS HER PRISON CELL.

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF
HERE! MUST SAVE JOHN
GREENE, IF I CAN! WHAT-
EVER THE PROFESSOR
DOES TO THEM, IT'S
HORRIBLE!

GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE! I'LL TRY
TO BUST THRU THOSE BARS!

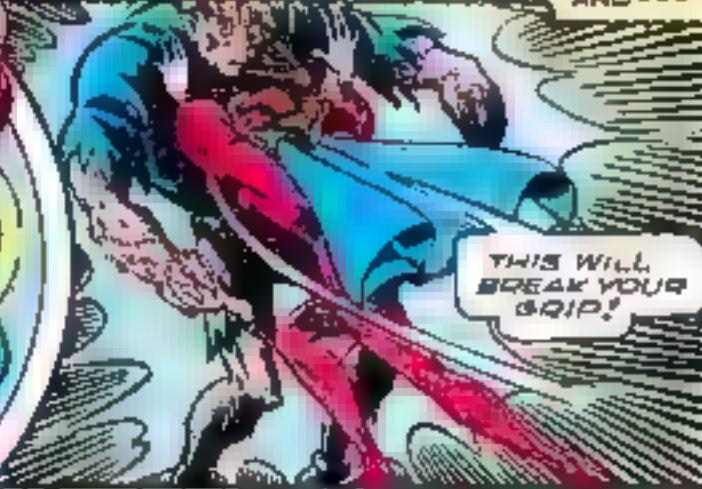
W
ITH ALL THE SPEED AND
POWER AT HER COMMAND,
MISS AMERICA CRASHES
AGAINST THE BARS OF HER
CELL.

CRASH!

WHEW! I MADE IT!
OH, OH! HERE COMES
ANOTHER MONSTER
MAN!

CRUSHING ARMS CLOSE
ABOUT MISS AMERICA WITH
BONE-CRUSHING FORCE!

BUT AMERICA'S MIGHTY GIRL CHAMPION
GATHERS EVERY OUNCE OF HER STRENGTH
AND---



SMASHES
HIM AGAINST THE
ROCK-WALL!

AND NOW--
UNPLEASANT
DREAMS!



HOW DOES PRO-
FESSOR DRAKLA
MAKE THESE
FIGHTFUL BEASTS?
WHY? AND WHERE
DOES LIEF
LARCH FIT
INTO THIS?



CAND AS
MISS AMERICA
STANDS
HIDDEN
JUST OUTSIDE
THE
LABORATORY,
SHE SEES
THE
PROFESSOR
AND
LARCH
STRAPPING
A MAN
TO THE
OPERATING
TABLE!

THEY'VE GOT
JOHN GREENE!



HELP!
WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF
THIS?



SHUT-UP!

LOOK AT ME, GREENE! DON'T YOU KNOW ME? SURE YOU DO! YOU'RE PALE! HA, HA, HA, HA!

REVENGE!

THAT'S ENOUGH, LACH! GET BACK! I'M GOING TO START!

LET'S SEE A LEG FIRST! THIS MAN HAS STRONG LEGS--- JUST WHAT I NEED! I CAN'T GIVE YOU AN ANESTHETIC---

--YOU SEE-- I NEED FRESH, LIVE TISSUE FOR MY EXPERIMENTS!

THE FIEND!

BOBBIFIED AT THE GHASTLY SIGHT, MISS AMERICA RUSHES IN!

HERE'S AN ANESTHETIC-- FOR YOU!

WHAT--?

BUT LFER LARCH PULLS HIS GUN AS M'S AMED CA DAD'S AS DE TO ESCAPE THE DEADLY HAIL OF LEAD!

BLAST THAT DAME! I'LL FIX HER WITH LEAD!

ZOOM!

WHO'S FIXING WHO?

OWWW!



BUT IN THE TOWER ROOM, THE MAD SCIENTIST SPRINGS TO UNHOLY LIFE HIS TERRIBLE MONSTER MEN!



SECOND LATER, MISS AMERICA REACHES THE TOWER DOOM AND -

HA, HA! KILL HER!

TWO MORE!

(GASP) THEY KEEP COMING BACK FOR MORE!

TO BETTER USE STRATEGY! I'LL LEAD THEM OUT ON THE DOOR!

I THOUGHT SO! THEY'RE TOO DUMB AND CLUMSY TO STOP AT THE EDGE!

ONE OF THE MONSTER MEN TUMBLERS TO HIS DEATH BELOW:

ONE HELD BACK! I HOPE I CAN HANDLE HIM!

BUT AS MISS AMERICA FACES THE LAST MONSTER MAN, SHE STOPS SHORT IN SURPRISE!



THAT FACE--
ONE OF THE
MISSING MEN!
JUDGE HENDRICK
IS IT YOU?

ASTUNNED BRAIN STRUGGLES SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY, AND THEN ---

YES--I--AM--JUDGE HENDRICK?
ONLY--THE HEAD REST--PARTS
FROM OTHER BODIES? DRAKLA
DID THIS TO ME!



SMISS AMERICA WATCHES THE MONSTER WHEELS FOR PROFESSOR DRAKLA AND LIFER LARCH!

THE ELECTRICAL CURRENTS AREN'T WORKING RIGHT! MUST CUT THE SWITCH OR WE'LL BLOW THE PLACE UP!

PROFESSOR! THE MONSTER IS TURNING ON US!

REVENGE!!



SAVAGE, VENGEFUL PAWS PICK UP THE SCIENTIST AND FLING HIM TO HIS DOOM!

DON'T! OH-- TOO LATE!

YOU--DIE!



AND AS THE MONSTER TURNS FOR LIFER LARCH!

YOU WON'T GET ME! I'LL FILL YOU FULL OF LEAD!

AGHHHHH!



AS MISS AMERICA STARES
AT THE BROKEN BODIES
FAR BELOW---

IT'S BETTER THAT THE
JUDGE DIED THIS WAY! THE
SCIENTIST IS GONE TOO!

LIFER LARCH SHOOTS THE REMAINING
BULLETS IN HIS GUN AT MISS AMERICA
TILL THE GUN "CLICKS" EMPTY!

BUT AT LEAST I'VE GOT YOU,
LIFER LARCH!

**TYOU AND
THE
PROFESSOR
DREAM
UP?**

IWANTED REVENGE
ON THE PEOPLE THAT
SENT ME TO JAIL FOR
LIFE! SO I GAVE THE
PROFESSOR THE
LIST OF NAMES! HE
INVITED THEM HERE
AND THEN---

ISEE! BEING A
REPUTABLE
SCIENTIST, THE
VICTIMS WOULD
SUSPECT NO
FOUL PLAY! BUT
THE MONSTERS?

HE TOOK PARTS
FROM THE MEN--
LEGS, ARMS ---
AND PATCHED
THEM TOGETHER
AS MONSTER
MEN! HE WANTED
TO CONQUER THE
WORLD!

OH, OH! GOT
AWAY IN TIME!
THERE GOES
THE CASTLE!
MUST HAVE
BEEN A SHOOT
CIRCUIT!

MISS AMERICA
ZOOMS AWAY
CARRYING LARCH
BACK TO JAIL. THE
WRECKED CAR BURSTS
INTO FLAMES BRING-
ING TO AN END THE
MYSTERY
OF THE
MONSTER MEN!!

MISS AMERICA
in
"TOWN
WEAR"



AN INVITATION
FROM

Miss
AMERICA

CASH PRIZES

THINK OF MISS AMERICA! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE HER DO AS MANY EXCITING EXPLOITS AS SHE BATTLES THE EVIL FORCES SINGLEHANDEDLY? APPEAR ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND EVERY MONTH? VOTE FOR OR AGAINST THE APPEARANCE OF MISS AMERICA IN THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE. WILL EARN CASH AWARDS!

\$50.

CASH PRIZES
WILL BE PAID AS
FOLLOWING FOR THE
BEST LETTERS:

25.

1ST PRIZE
WINNING
LETTER!

AMERICA

10.

FOR THE
SECOND PRIZE
WINNING
LETTER!

\$1.00 EACH FOR
THE NEXT
15 PRIZE
WINNING LETTERS!



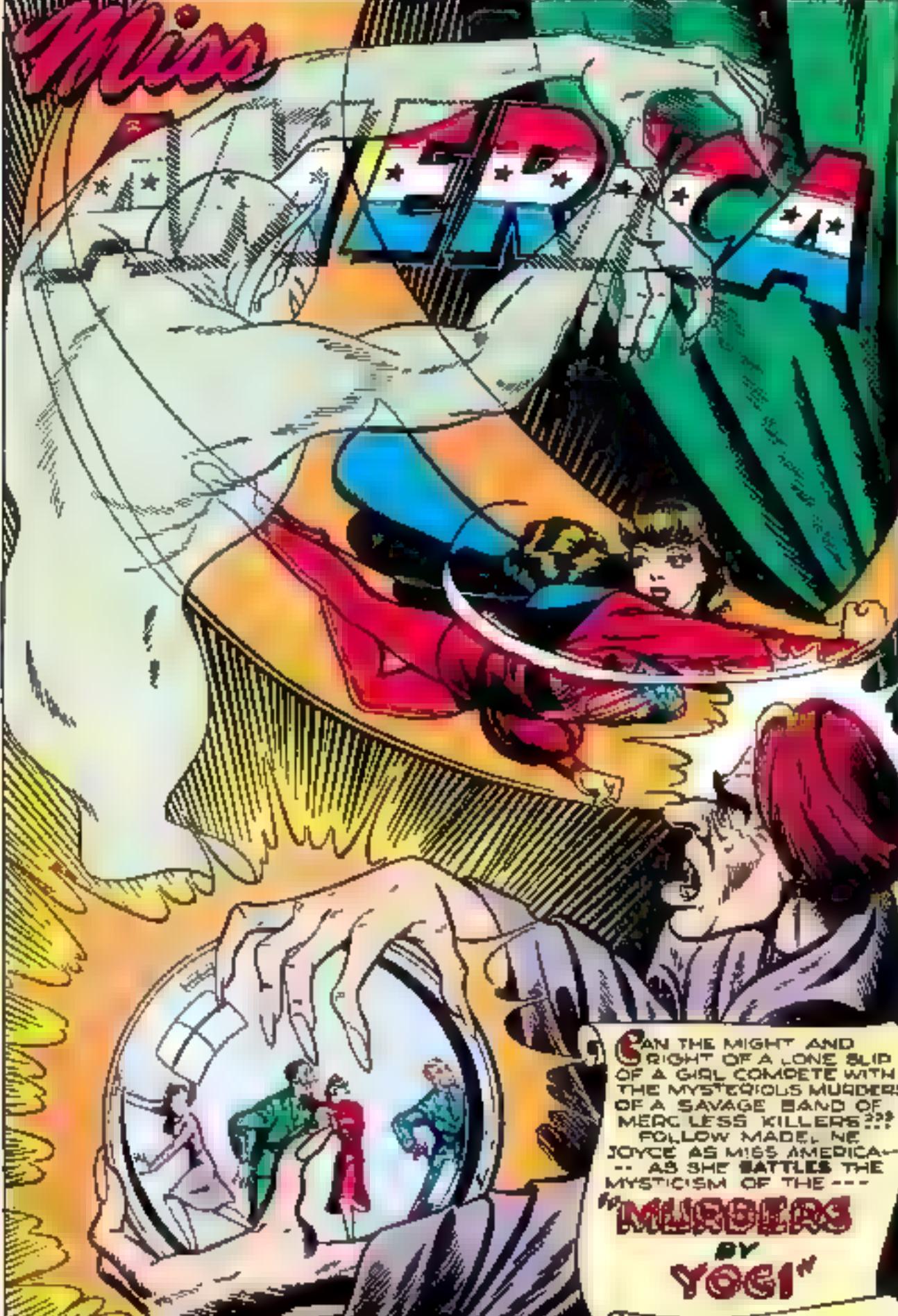
IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS
ON IMPROVING MISS
AMERICA'S SCRIPTS,
BY ALL MEANS LET
HER KNOW ASK BY
HEADING FROM YOU
CAN WE KNOW WHAT YOU
LIKE AND DISLIKE ABOUT
HER, AND IF THE CHAR-
ACTER WORKS HAVE
INS IT PUBLISHED
EVERY MONTH!

ENTERTAINING
MAGAZINE!

ADVANTAGE OF THIS WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO WIN
CASH PRIZES AND NAME TO MISS AMERICA. . . NOW!

Miss

AMERICA



CAN THE MIGHT AND
CRIGHT OF A LONE SLIP
OF A GIRL COMPETE WITH
THE MYSTERIOUS MURDERS
OF A SAVAGE BAND OF
MERCLESS KILLERS???

FOLLOW MADELINE
JOYCE AS MISS AMERICA
-- AS SHE BATTLES THE
MYSTICISM OF THE ---

**"MURDERS
BY
YOGI!"**

MADELNE TOYCE, ON A SHOPPING TOUR IN THE CITY, RACES TO CATCH A MAIN STREET BUS!

A

AS THE BUS PULLS AWAY, A SECOND FIGURE DASHES DOWN THE STAIRS!

WHAT IF ANOTHER BEARDED MAN?

MM

</

OH! OH! THE PASSENGER'S SHOUTS BROUGHT THAT POLICEMAN AFTER ME! I WON'T STOP TO EXPLAIN! MUST CATCH UP WITH THOSE TWO MEN!

HALT!



GOOD! THIS TAXI IS STARTING TO GO IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AFTER THOSE MEN! THE DRIVER DIDN'T SEE ME! I'LL CHANGE INTO MY FIGHTING TOGS!

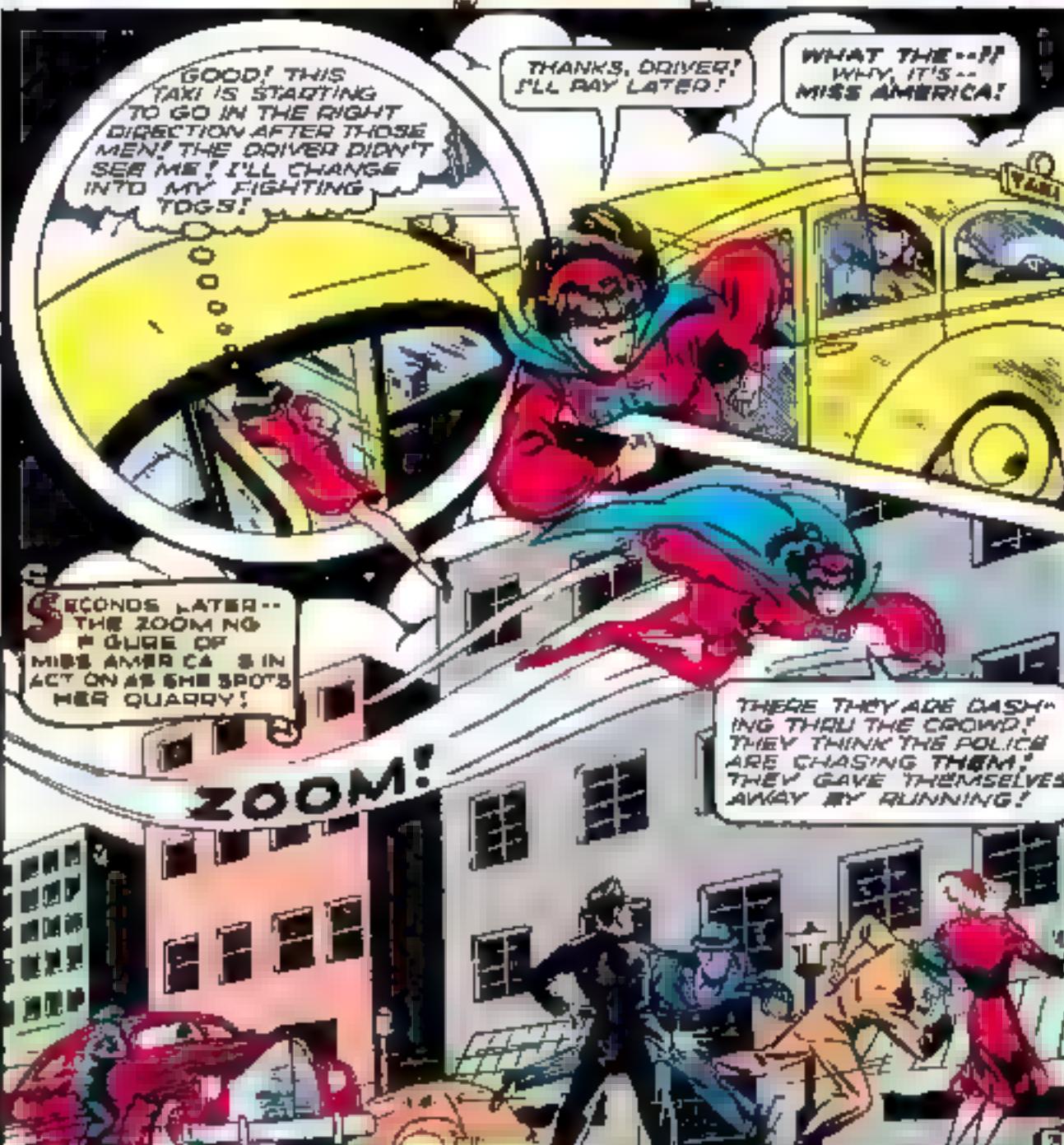
THANKS, DRIVER! I'LL PAY LATER!

WHAT THE--? WHY, IT'S-- MISS AMERICA!

ZOOM!

SECONDS LATER-- THE ZOOMING FIGURE OF MISS AMERICA IS IN ACT ON AS SHE SPOTS HER QUARRY!

THERE THEY ARE DASHING THRU THE CROWD! THEY THINK THE POLICE ARE CHASING THEM! THEY GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY BY RUNNING!



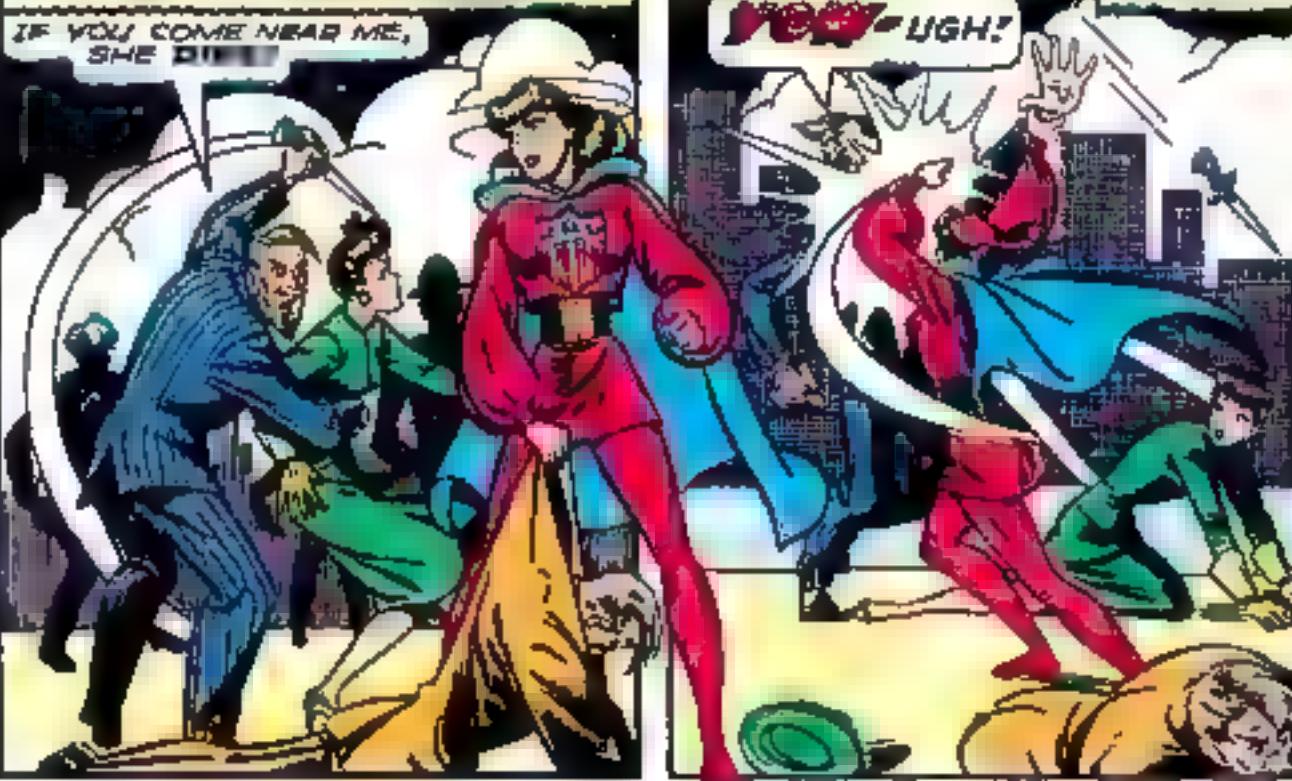
WE'LL JUST STOP YOU
DADS LONG ENOUGH
FOR THE POLICE TO
GET HERE!

VOW!



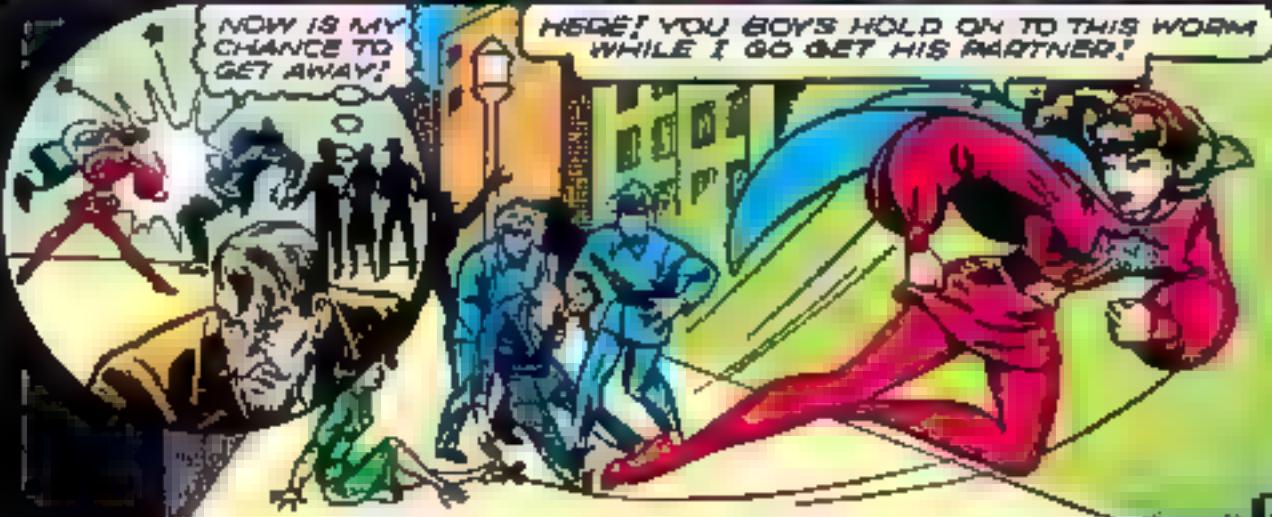
WHILE MISS AMERICA YANKS ONE
FALLEN KILLER TO HIS FEET, THE
SECOND MUG GRABS A TERRIFIED
WOMAN AS A HUMAN SHIELD!

IF YOU COME NEAR ME,
SHE WILL...



MOVING WITH SPEED THAT WOULD
PUT LIGHTNING TO SHAME, OUR
HEROINE IS UPON THE KNIFE WIELDING
KILLER!

YEAH-UH!



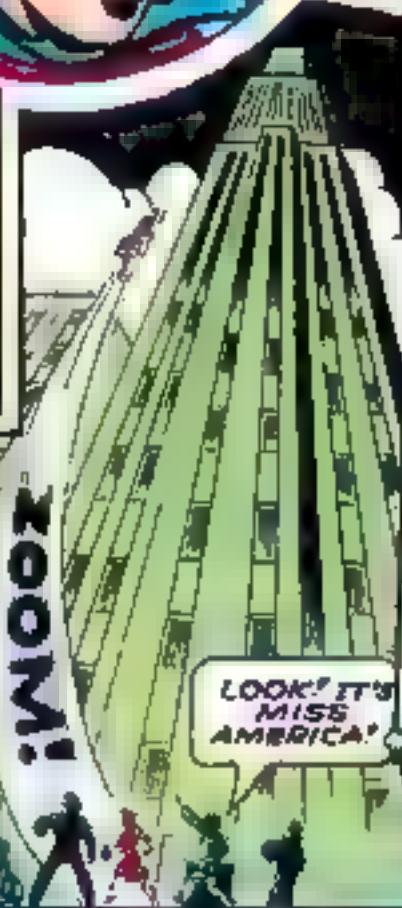
HERE HE GOES INTO THE BATE BUILDING!

EXPOSED TO TOWER!

I'LL GO TO THE TOWER MY OWN WAY AND BE THERE WHEN HE ARRIVES!



WHIPPING OUT OF THE BUILDING AND INTO THE AIR, MISS AMERICA SOARS TOWARD THE ROOF OF THE TOWERING SKYSCRAPER!



ZOOM!

... AND WATCHES AS THE KILLED APPEARS!

I'LL WAIT UNTIL HE'S CLEAR OF THE OTHERS AND THEN ATTACK! I'LL NOT GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO USE ANYONE ELSE AS A SHIELD!



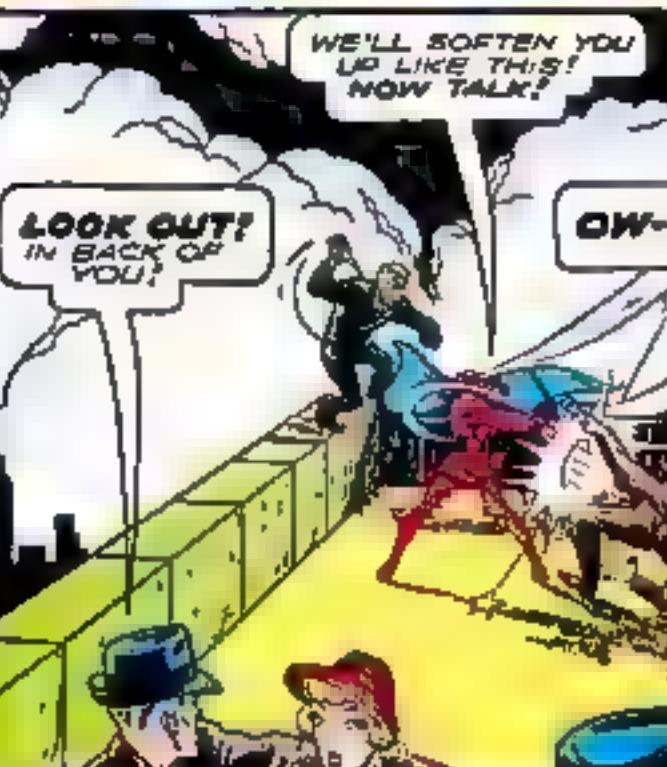
AS MISS AMERICA IS ABOUT TO ATTACK, HER ATTENTION IS DIVERTED BY A MYSTERIOUS TUDUBANED FIGURE SALAMMING FROM A PRECARIOUS PERCH!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? MY KILLER "FRIEND" IS STOPPING THE ATTENDANT!



YOU MUST NOT INTERFERE WITH HIS HOLY PRAYERS! HE IS A MOSLEM AND HE'S BOWING TOWARD MECCA!

IF I REMEMBER MY GEOGRAPHY, MECCA LIES DIRECTLY EAST OF THE CITY, AND "MR. TURBAN" IS FACING WEST! THOSE TWO ARE UP TO SOMETHING AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT RIGHT NOW!

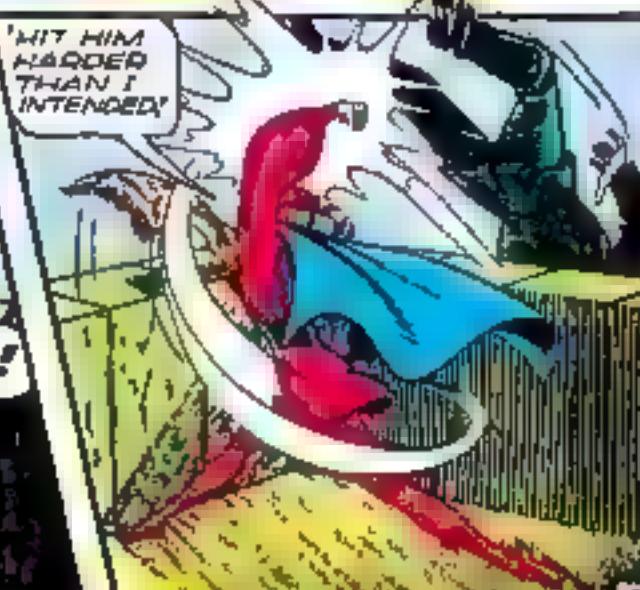


HANKS TO THE WARNING SHOUT,
THE DEADLY KNIFE THUST
MISSES!

DIE, YOU
MEDDLING
SHE DEVIL!

OOPS!

'HIT HIM HARDER
THAN I INTENDED'



AS HIS
TULBANEED
COMPANION
HURTEES
TO HIS
DEATH,
ONCE
AGAIN
THE
BEARDED
KILLED
TURNS TO
FLEE!

OH! PULLING A
KNIFE AGAIN?
YOU TRIED THAT
ONCE BEFORE!



THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT
GETTING AWAY,
MR. BEARDED KILLER!

I'LL TALK!
DON'T
DROP ME!



THAT'S WHAT
WILL HAPPEN
UNLESS YOU
TALK!

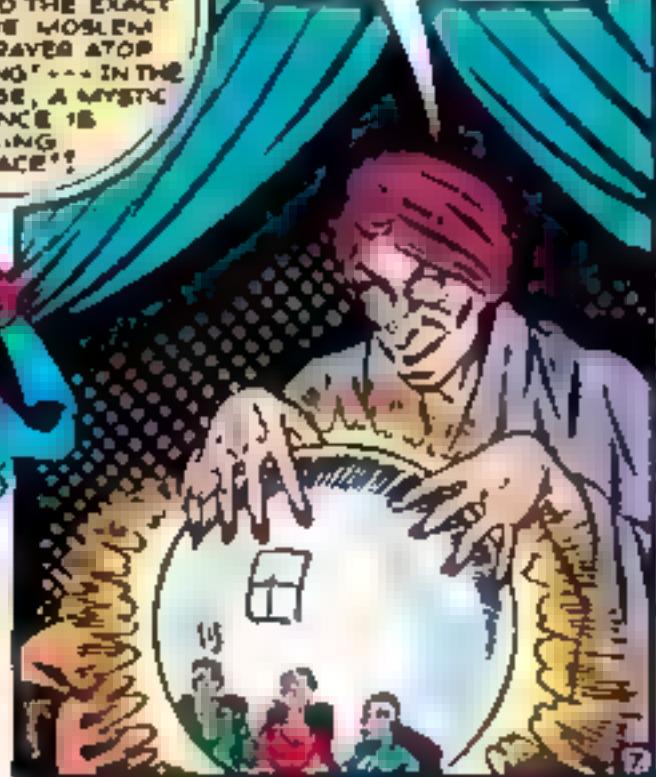
I'LL
TALK!



HERE HE IS,
BOYS! BOOK
HIM ON A
MURDER CHARGE.
I'M OFF TO GET
HIS BOSS AND
THE REST OF
THE MURDER
BAND!

AND
WHILE MISS
AMERICA ZOOMS
AWAY TOWARD THE
GANG'S HIDEOUT IN AN
OLD ABANDONED FARM-
HOUSE, WE TURN BACK
THE CLOCK TO THE EXACT
MOMENT THE MOSLEM
BOWED IN PRAYER ATOP
THE BUILDING! --- IN THE
FARMHOUSE, A MYSTIC
SEANCE IS
TAKING
PLACE!

AH-H-H! IT IS
THE MATAQAH! GOD
OF VIOLENT DEATH!
SEANCE! SEANCE!



AS THE DEADLY WORDS ARE WHISSED BY THE YOGI, A SMALL BUZZER VIBRATES UNDER HIS PALM!



AH! THE SIGNAL FROM MY MEN ON THE ROOF!

HE HAS STRUCK! MATAJASHI HAS STRUCK! THE VICTIM IS KIN TO ONE OF YOU GATHERED HERE! EVEN NOW THE LIFE BLOOD POURS FROM THE VICTIM'S HEART!



WHO IS IT?

YOU MUST TELL US, YOGI!



I CANNOT! I HAVE LOST CONTACT WITH THE SPIRIT! ALL I KNOW IS THAT A DEAD ONE HAS JUST MET VIOLENT DEATH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE LISTEN TO A NEWS FLASH IN THE NEXT ROOM:

--BODY WAS FOUND A FEW MINUTES AGO ON A MAIN STREET BUS! THE VICTIM WAS JAMES MOFFET, PROMINENT--



HOW COULD HE KNOW? AND AT THE EXACT MOMENT IT HAPPENED!

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



WAIT! YOU CANNOT LEAVE! THE SPIRIT FORBIDS IT! HE WARNS THAT HE WILL STRIKE AGAIN! WE MUST RESUME THE SEANCE!



A ND AS THE FRIGHTENED PARTICIPANTS RETURN TO THE SEANCE CHAMBER, WE SWITCH TO A ROAD NEAR THE FARMHOUSE AND TWO STATE POLICE IN A PATROL CAR!

HEY! THAT'S MISS AMERICA!

ZOOM!

SHE'S HEADING FOR THE ABANDONED FARM! LET'S GO!

MISS AMERICA ZOOMS DOWN ON TWO BURLY THUGS ON GUARD!

YOU TWO PUG-UGLIES PROVE I CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

YOW!

UH?

THAT'LL HOLD YOU RATE WHILE I SEE WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE!

ONLY BY APPEASING HIS WRATH AND DONATING MONEY -- WHAT TH--??

HERE'S MY DONATION!

IS THERE ANY WAY TO PREVENT THIS DEATH?

I WILL TRY TO CONTACT THE SPIRIT!

IF THE BEARDED KILLER TOLD THE TRUTH, THIS YOGI WILL NOW ASK FOR MONEY TO PREVENT ANOTHER MURDER!

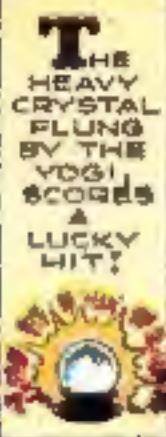
M

MISS AMERICA, A TORNADO, HOLDS HER OWN --- WHEN ???

THE GAME IS OVER, RATS! ONE OF YOUR KILLERS TALKED!

SOCK!

THE HEAVY CRYSTAL FLUNG BY THE YOGI SCORSES A LUCKY HIT!



WHILE YOGI AND HIS KILLER BAND ESCAPE AND WITH THE POLICE TRYING TO GET INTO THIS BURNING HOUSE TO SAVE THE TRAPPED VICTIMS, WE FOLLOW MISS AMERICA HURTLING DOWN-- DOWN--

-- **D**OWN THE SLIME COVERED SIDES OF THE OLD WELL TO ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH ON THE ROCKY BOTTOM!



BUT---A RUSH OF AIR REVIVES OLD HEROINE--

WHERE AM I?? OH! I'M FALLING!

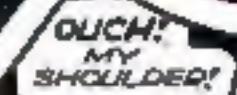


AND SHE LANDS SAFELY!!

--MADE IT! NOW TO GET OUT!



OUCH!
MY
SHOULDER!



AS MISS AMERICA REALIZES THAT THE ONLY WAY OUT IS AT THE TOP OF THE WELL, SHE ZOOMS UP-- BUT IS STOPPED BY THE HEAVY COVER THAT THE YOGI ROLLED OVER THE OPENING!



I'VE GOT TO
GET THIS
COVER--OFF!
IT'S GIVING!

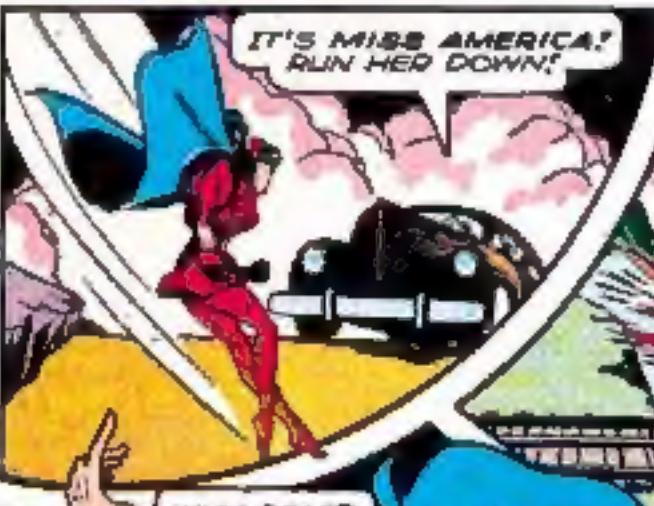


USING ALL THE GREAT STRENGTH HER POLE ENDOWED HER WITH, OUR HEROINE MANAGES TO LIFT THE HEAVY COVER!

GOOD! THE POLICE GOT THEM OUT! I'LL GO AFTER THAT YOGI!



A FEW MINUTES LATER-- MISS AMERICA STADS HER ZOOM DOWN AS SHE SPOTS THE FLEEING KILLER BAND!



THE END